

You Are My Sunshine

by VanityPimples

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Pairings: Art/Nice

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Summary: Before the events in Episode 7 occur, Art meets a Minimum Holder with the power to turn people into children.

1. Chapter 1

****Chapter 1: You Are My Sunshine****

****Fandom:**** Hamatora

****Summary:**** Before the events in Episode 7 occur, Art meets a Minimum Holder with the power to turn people into children.

****Pairing:**** NiceArt

****Rating:**** T

****Warnings:**** I am guessing the daaaaaaates.

****Disclaimer:**** Don't own.

****Wordcount:**** 452

Inspiration came from fabelyn and weirdpersonhere's post on tumblr.
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><p>It is the overhead sun that witnesses Nice's declaration to Art, the naming of its rays to another. "You are my sunshine!" The ten year old declares. It is the tittering wind that carries the two children's laughter. It is the tilting, curious flowers that spy the interlocked pinkies â€" a promise.

* * *

><p>The world, a neon mass, passes in a blinding, multicolored blur as Nice dashes between statued pedestrians and stilled objects. He runs " fast enough that his legs burn because "<p>

"_Nice, there's a situation"|"_

Impossibly, Nice speeds up. Eyes watering, legs protesting, heart cracking at his ribs. Only once before had he run so fast his entire body ached _(bus, explosion, tears, dead, gone, grave, _Art_).

"_It's Art ">"_

"It's confidential." Nice spits, repeating Gasquet's words, "Come to the police department." The sound of snapping fingers echo over and over and over on frantic repeat, the noise bouncing between buildings and streets.

It's too long, much too long, before Nice sees the doors of the Yokohama PD. He barely pays heed to the secretary, and only stops when he's facing the frozen face of Art's partner. Nice doesn't bother pulling off his headphones.

"Where's Art." A demand.

But, instead of a reply, Gasquet gives a bemused sigh. Nice could have punched the man.

"Where," Nice says " a feral sound ", steps closer, and dares another nonanswer, "Is. Art."

Gasquet snaps up his hands, palms turned forwards. "He's here! Don't cause a scene; he's fine."

"You called me." He glances briefly at the phone in Gasquet's hands before snapping his eyes back up, "On Art's phone. You said there was a _situation_. An apparently _confidential_ one."

Gasquet heaves a sigh and closes an eye. _Not my best words. _"Art's fine, he was only asking for you."

"Art could have called me himself."

"Ah," Gasquet says, "But the line could have been tapped."

Infuriating. "Look. I'll just look for Art myself. Keep your confidential situations secret."

The man is only amused, "No need. Just follow me."

Nice's fingers itch, ready to snap and run. But, Gasquet knows where Art is and it will be faster following him "

At least, Nice thought so for the first fifteen seconds. "Are your legs broken? Can you walk any slower?"

"Art, I'm questioning your taste in men." Gasquet says in a quiet,

weary breath.

Nice narrowed his eyes. "What?"

"My partner's taste is as undeveloped as his current body."

"What."

"We're here."

"That's not what you said."

Gasquet does not bother himself with responding as he pulls open the gray door they've stopped in front of and a tiny body topped with lilac hair in a familiar cut slams into Nice's leg and squeezes.

"Nice!"

"Art!?" _Current body?_

* * *

><p>AN:<p>

(Short chapter, the following ones are probably going to be longer. Still, I hope you liked it. :D)

2. Chapter 2

****Chapter 2: Just Say It -****

Fandom: Hamatora

Summary: Before the events in Episode 7 occur, Art meets a Minimum Holder with the power to turn people into children.

Pairing: NiceArt

Rating: T

Warnings: I am guessing the daaaaaaates.

Disclaimer: Don't own.

Wordcount: 694

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><p>By now, the secretaries at the front of Yokohama police station only sigh when they see Nice run in and "without an appointment_" yank open Superintendent Art's office door and seat himself inside. Casualties of previous attempts to stop the Minimum Holder ended in five grotesquely misshapen chairs, an upturned desk, and several scarred police officers. Art had surveyed the mess and looked up at the ceiling for either patience or escape. "Just let him in," he said. And they did. _

_The superintendent, the secretaries (and others) notice, smiles much more often on the days that Nice appears â€" random, but frequent incidences. Sometimes, there's laughter. And if a police station â€" and their superintendent â€" should probably be more solemn? â€"Well, they're all human too. It's nice, they think, hearing and seeing Inspector Art relax. _

(They wonder â€" never out loud - , though, why when Nice turns and leaves after his final goodbye, Art will part his lips as if to spill a terrible secretâ€" and say nothing.

_The lip-readers of their station say that the words Art mouths are, "Nice, you are my sunshine too." _

They wonder â€"quietly â€" why Art would not speak those words out loud.

_Doesn't he know that the poor Minimum Holder would probably be ecstatic? _

Well, they reason, it's young love.)

* * *

><p>The tiny figure pulls away, a blush and smile painted on the young face. "Yes?" Art says, as if his identity is something to be unsure about. His hand still clings to the very edge of Nice's shirt, small fingers squeezing tight the small piece of fabric in its grasp.<p>

Nice blinks only once before smiling brightly. He bends down to scoop the young Art up and carry him. Art, after a mousy squeak, wraps his legs and arms tight and burrows his face into the crook between Nice's neck and shoulder.

Nice keeps his voice pleasant when he says to the occupants of the room â€" Gasquet, Honey and Three â€", "What did you all do?"

Honey bristles and narrows her eyes.

But, before she retorts, Art's tiny voice says, in a rush, "Nothing! They only helped me. I'm sorry." Art's eyes peek from behind his bangs as he worries his lip.

Honey sighs softly, but it's almost fond. "He missed you."

Nice attempts to stumble out a response, but nothing comes. Luckily, Three smiles â€" not the teasing, amused smirks on Gasquet and Honey's faces â€" and says, "During the case Art was affected by an unregistered Minimum. The police are currently questioning the Minimum Holder."

"From what the police have gathered," Honey says, "It appears that the effects of the Minimum are only temporary. We think that once a certain amount of time has passed, Art will return to his normal age."

Nice frowns. "That can't be the only reason why you called me."

Surprisingly, it's Art, pout pressed against Nice's clavicle that says with an odd little lilt like he's amazed, "I'm apparently the superintendent of police. And I put a lot of people in jail because they weren't following the law. Soâ€¦ now I have enemies?"

Gasquet nods even though Art can't see and says gently, "Exactly. The police station is too conspicuous a place for a child to be running around in. Especially since he still has his defining physical characteristics. Art's apartment address isn't exactly public knowledge, but it might be best to stay away from there as well."

"Go to CafÃ© Nowhere or a park or something," Honey adds. "The chances that Art will get attacked are pretty low but, it's important that we take some precautions." She eyes Nice critically and huffs. "And, _please, _remember to _feed_ Art."

Nice splutters and Art giggles quietly. "I wouldn't forget to feed him!"

Gasquet, Honey, and Three suggest that the pair leave before the police station got busier and rumors spread. But before that, Art extricates himself from Nice's hold and hugs each of them. "Thank you," he says, pink dusting his cheeks and a shy little grin dancing on his lips. Then, he grasps Nice hand and waves them all goodbye.

Art presses himself close to Nice's leg as they walk out of the police station.

* * *

><p>AN:<p>

(â€¦yeah. It's not very long. ;-;)

(Ahâ€¦ but, I hope you still liked it. Thanks for reading! :)

(To all who reviewed, thank you very much for your comments! Thanks also for any favorites and follows. I was grinning like mad. xD
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End
file.